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# JUMP TO GLORY

IN THE EARLY MONTHS OF 1943, THE LONG BITTER STRUGGLE FOR NORTH AFRICA WAS RAPIDLY DRAWING TO ITS CONCLUSION. BUT THE AFRIKA KORPS FOUGHT IN ITS LAST AGONISING DEATH THROES WITH ALL THE FEROCITY OF A WOUNDED BEAST.



## Chapter 1. *Two Men*

TO LIEUTENANT JOHN CABLE, THE MACABRE SCENE BEFORE HIM HAD A NIGHTMARE TOUCH OF UNREALITY. ONLY A FEW SHORT HOURS AGO HE HAD COMMANDED A TOUGH PATROL OF THE RED DEVILS. NOW ONLY HE AND ONE OTHER REMAINED ALIVE...



THAT OTHER SURVIVOR WAS A PRISONER OF THE GERMANS. A MAN HE HAD KNOWN ALL HIS LIFE. AS THE TENSE SECONDS TICKED BY, HALF FORGOTTEN SCENES OF THEIR PAST LIFE FLASHED ACROSS HIS MIND...





THEY HAD BEEN GREAT FRIENDS AT SCHOOL. BOTH KEEN SPORTSMEN, HE COULD STILL REMEMBER QUITE CLEARLY THE LAST CRICKET MATCH THEY HAD PLAYED, ONE LAZY SUMMER AFTERNOON IN 1939.

WHY THE DEVIL DOESN'T YOUNG CABLE HIT OUT?

HE'S PLAYING SAFE, LETTING WHITE KNOCK UP THE SCORE...



TIME WAS RUNNING DESPERATELY SHORT AND GLASTONBURY HIGH SCHOOL NEEDED FIFTEEN RUNS FOR A CLEAR WIN. NOW IT WAS HUGH WHITE WHO FACED THE BOWLING.

WITH CLEAN, DECISIVE STROKES, HUGH CUT THE BOWLING DOWN TO SIZE. IT WAS THE FIFTH BALL OF THAT NEXT OVER THAT FINISHED THE GAME.



YOU WERE SMASHING, HUGH! I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO MUFF IT THE WAY CABLE WAS PLAYING.

A RIPPLE OF APPLAUSE RANG OUT FROM THE PAVILION AS THE LEATHER STREAKED TO THE BOUNDARY



# Jump to Glory



ALTHOUGH A CAREER AT UNIVERSITY LAY AHEAD FOR JOHN CABLE, HE HAD OTHER IDEAS. THE FOLLOWING MORNING, HE WENT QUIETLY TO THE LOCAL RECRUITING OFFICE...



WITHIN THREE WEEKS, BRITAIN WAS AT WAR, AND THE TWO YOUNG MEN FOUND THEMSELVES IN AN INFANTRY DEPOT...



IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED THEY WERE RAPIDLY HAMMERED INTO SOMETHING APPROACHING TRAINED SOLDIERS.





## Jump to Glory

SIX WEEKS OF BASIC TRAINING AND TWO WEEKS OF ADVANCED BATTLE TRAINING CULMINATED IN MANOEUVRES ON THE BARREN SLOPES OF SALISBURY PLAIN. SOMEWHERE IN THOSE FEW SHORT WEEKS, THEY HAD LEFT THEIR BOYHOOD BEHIND THEM FOR EVER...



THE BRITISH EXPEDITIONARY FORCE WAS IN DIRE NEED OF REINFORCEMENTS, AND A MONTH LATER, THE TWO LADS SET FOOT ON FRENCH SOIL.

WHICH WAY TO THE SIEGFRIED LINE, CORP! WE'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THE JERRIES RUN, NOW WE'RE HERE.





THEIR UNIT WAS BILLETED IN A SMALL TOWN CLOSE TO THE BELGIAN FRONTIER, AND BOREDOM AND FRUSTRATION WERE THEIR WORST ENEMIES DURING THE LONG DREARY WINTER MONTHS. THEN, IN THE SPRING...

GET YOUR MEN OUTSIDE AT THE DOUBLE, CORPORAL! THE C.O.'S GOING TO GIVE YOU ALL A FEW WORDS OF WISDOM.

I JOINED UP TO FIGHT, NOT ROT OUT HERE IN THE STICKS.

IF WHAT WE HEAR IS TRUE, HUGH, WE'LL BE IN THE SCRAP SOON ENOUGH.



THE BIG GERMAN BREAK-THROUGH IN THE SUDAN HAD BEGUN. HOURLY, THE SITUATION ALONG THE WHOLE FRONT WAS DETERIORATING.

MEN, IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE ARE IN FOR A ROUGH PASSAGE. THE BELGIANS HAVE SURRENDERED AND THE ENEMY IS ADVANCING RAPIDLY. OUR OWN FORCES ARE PULLING BACK TO THE COAST...



AN HOUR LATER, THEY WERE DUG IN FIVE MILES NORTH OF THE TOWN. CORPORAL WHITE WAS CHECKING THE MACHINE GUN POSITIONS WHEN STUKAS, HERALDING THE ADVANCING PANZERS, SCREAMED DOWN OUT OF THE CLEAR SKY...

YOU WANTED ACTION, HUGH—THIS IS WHERE YOU GET IT!

HERE THEY COME, CORP!

HOLD YOUR FIRE TILL THEY GET IN RANGE!

NEXT MOMENT, THE UNTRIED YOUNG SOLDIERS WERE ENGULFED IN ALL THE DEMENTED FURY OF A DIVE-BOMBING ATTACK. BUT JOHN CABLE DID NOT BUDGE FROM BEHIND HIS MACHINE GUN, POURING BELT AFTER BELT OF HOT LEAD SKYWARD.





AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, THE ATTACK FINISHED.

WELL DONE, CORPORAL,  
YOUR SECTION PULLED  
ONE OF THEM DOWN.  
BUT WATCH THE FRONT,  
JERRY WILL SHOW UP  
ANY TIME NOW.

THANK  
YOU, SIR.  
WE'LL HOLD  
THEM OFF.



THE ATTACK CAME. NUMBER THREE  
SECTION HELD FIRM WITH THEIR  
CORPORAL RECKLESSLY EXPOSING HIMSELF  
TO THE ANGRY, SHRAPNEL-FILLED AIR.

KEEP IT  
UP, MEN! DON'T  
GIVE WAY!



## Jump to Glory

A GERMAN PANZER BLOTTED OUT THE SKYLINE AND THE INCESSANT HAMMERING OF CABLE'S GUN SEVERED ONE OF ITS TRACKS. HUGH WHITE DARTED FORWARD...

WELL DONE, JOHN! I'LL GO IN AND FINISH THE BLIGHTER!



WITH THE AGILITY OF A MONKEY, HUGH LEAPED ON TO THE ENGINE DECKS AND THRUST A GRENADE THROUGH THE OBSERVATION SLITS IN THE TURRET.

GOOD OLD HUGH! THAT'S THE STUFF!





SMARTING UNDER THE STING OF THE FIRST REAL OPPOSITION THEY HAD MET, THE GERMANS PULLED BACK TO REFORM. THEN A HOARSE VOICE CALLED OUT TO THE BRITISH SECTION...

THE WHOLE BRIGADE'S MOVING BACK. TRY TO JOIN UP WITH YOUR UNIT AND MAKE FOR THE BEACHES.

ALL RIGHT, LADS! LET'S GET GOING!



SO THEY STARTED ON THE WEARY TRAMP BACK TOWARDS DUNKIRK, JOHN CABLE TAKING MORE THAN HIS SHARE OF THE BURDEN, AS THEY HALF-CARRIED, HALF-DROGGED THE WOUNDED WITH THEM.

IT'S NO USE, CORP! WE'D BEST DUMP OUR GEAR - AND LEAVE THE WOUNDED FOR THE RED CROSS.

NOT WHILE I COMMAND THIS SECTION WE WON'T! WE'LL MAKE IT, ALL OF US, AND WE'LL KEEP OUR ARMS AND EQUIPMENT!



## Jump to Glory

SOMETIMES CURSING, SOMETIMES CAJOLING, HUGH BROUGHT THEM TO THE CROWDED SAND DUNES OF DUNKIRK.

I KNEW HE'D GET US THROUGH. YOU CAN ALWAYS COUNT ON HUGH WHEN YOU'RE IN A TOUGH SPOT.

I KNOW HE'S YOUR MATE, BUT TO ME HE'S JUST ANOTHER N.C.O. WHO'S BEEN PUSHING ME AROUND TOO LONG!



AT LAST IT WAS THEIR TURN TO WADE OUT TOWARDS THE ARMADA OF LITTLE BOATS THAT WAS TO SNATCH THEM TO SAFETY—AND THEN...

LOOK OUT! THE SWINE'S GUNNING FOR US.

UGH!





THROUGH A BLACK MIST OF PAIN THAT THREATENED TO ENGULF HIM, JOHN CABLE FELT A STRONG ARM GRIP HIM AND A REASSURING VOICE URGED HIM TO STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

COME ON, OLD SON. THERE'S ONLY A HUNDRED YARDS TO GO.

LEAVE ME, HUGH, YOU'LL MISS YOUR TURN.

WITH ALMOST SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH, HUGH TOWED HIS STRICKEN FRIEND TO SAFETY.

OKAY, MATE, THE NAVY'S HERE! WE'LL HAVE YOU OUT IN A JIFFY.

HELP THIS MAN UP FIRST, HE'S PRETTY FAR GONE.

ONLY ONCE DURING THE CROSSING DID JOHN OPEN HIS EYES. IN A DRY CROAK, HE WHISPERED HIS THANKS TO HUGH WHITE, HIS FRIEND...

YOU-YOU SAVED MY LIFE, HUGH, I WON'T FORGET...

STOW IT, OLD CHAP, YOU CAN DO THE SAME FOR ME SOME DAY.

## Chapter 2. Gallant Action







JOHN EMERGED FROM THE ROUGH MILL OF TRAINING LEAN AND HARD, TO FACE THE ULTIMATE TEST FOR THOSE WHO SOUGHT THE COVETED BLUE WINGS OF THE PARATROOPER.



SECONDS PASSED LIKE HOURS, THEN THE GREAT WHITE CANOPY BILLOWED OUT ABOVE HIM. A GRIM SMILE OF SATISFACTION SPREAD ACROSS JOHN'S FACE...



AS THE WEEKS PASSED, THE UNIT GRADUATED FROM INDIVIDUAL TO COLLECTIVE TRAINING, WELDING IT INTO A TOUGH FIGHTING TEAM...

WE'VE JUST ABOUT REACHED THE PEAK NOW, SIR, THE MEN ARE RARING TO GO. I HOPE WE'RE NOT LEFT TO GO TO SEED.

I DON'T THINK YOU NEED BE TOO WORRIED ON THAT SCORE. THEY'LL SEE ACTION SOON ENOUGH.



A FORTNIGHT LATER,  
AT 23.00. HOURS, THE  
PARATROOP TRANSPORTS,  
THE WHITLEYS, ROARED  
OFF THE RUNWAY AND  
HEADED OUT ACROSS  
THE CHANNEL ...



THEIR OBJECTIVE WAS A GERMAN RADIO LOCATION INSTALLATION ON  
THE NORTHERN COAST OF FRANCE.

DEAD ON SCHEDULE,  
THE PLANES REACHED  
THE DROPPING ZONE.  
BELOW THE PARATROOPERS,  
THE OBJECTIVE STOOD  
OUT CLEARLY IN THE  
MOONLIGHT... NO FLAK  
OR GROUND FIRE SWEEP  
UP TO MEET THEM.



## Jump to Glory

ONLY THE DRONE OF THE DEPARTING PLANES BROKE THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT AS THE MEN LANDED AND FORMED UP.

SO FAR, SO GOOD! GET THE MEN SPREAD OUT, SERGEANT. I'LL LEAD THE ASSAULT SECTION. WHEN YOU HEAR MY WHISTLE, COME IN FIGHTING - AND MAKE IT FAST!



SOON, THE LONELY BUILDINGS OF THE RADAR POST WERE IN SIGHT. A NERVOUS CHALLENGE CAME FROM THE SHADOWS OF ONE OF THE HUTS.

HALTEN!



HANG IT! WE'VE BEEN SEEN! HAVE TO RUSH THE PLACE. READY, LADS...



THE PIERCING BLAST OF THE MAJOR'S WHISTLE WAS DROWNED IN THE RAUCOUS CLAMOUR OF SMALL ARMS FIRE. AS THE PARATROOPERS RUSHED FORWARD, A GRENADE RIPPED OUT THE DOOR OF THE FIRST HOUSE.

INSIDE,  
MEN!  
FINISH 'EM  
OFF!



TAKEN COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, THE GERMAN SIGNAL DETACHMENT HAD NO STOMACH TO RESIST THE FIERCE-LOOKING SKYBORNE TROOPS WHO BURST IN UPON THEM.

KAMERAD!



IN MINUTES THE POSITION WAS IN BRITISH HANDS. THE ENGINEERS SET TO WORK DISMANTLING THE VITAL COMPONENTS OF THE GERMAN EQUIPMENT WHILE PARATROOPS, JOHN CABLE INCLUDED, PREPARED TO HOLD OFF THE COUNTER ATTACK THEY KNEW WOULD COME.

KEEP DIGGING, LADS! HALF THE GERMAN ARMY MUST'VE HEARD THE RACKET WE'VE MADE



THEY DID NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT. SOON, GREY FIGURES MOVED CAUTIOUSLY IN THE WOODS AND A LONG, VICIOUS BURST FROM A SPANDAU STABBED THE NIGHT AIR.

A TROOP OF ARMoured CARS ARE ON THEIR WAY TO CUT THE ENGLANDER'S RETREAT. TAKE YOUR SECTION IN CLOSE AND RUSH

THEM, ERNST. WE'LL GIVE YOU COVER



JAWHOL, HERR HAUPTMANN.

THE ATTACK CAME AS A SUICIDAL RUSH THAT THREATENED TO OVERWHELM THE PERILOUSLY THIN BRITISH LINE.

THESE JERRIES ARE ANXIOUS TO DIE - RAPID FIRE!



AT POINT BLANK RANGE, THE DEVASTATING FIRE REAPED A GRIM HARVEST. THE ATTACK MELTED.



TWO MORE ATTACKS WERE BEATEN OFF-THEN CAME THE RECALL- AND WITH IT, AN OMINOUS DEVELOPMENT OF THE BATTLE.

THEY'VE FINISHED THE JOB! WE'RE PULLING BACK...

LOOK OUT! THEY'VE GOT A MORTAR ON US.





# Jump to Glory

FOR TEN MINUTES THEY WERE FORCED TO CLING TO THE SHUDDERING GROUND, AS BOMB AFTER BOMB ERUPTED AROUND THEM.

I BET HUGH WOULDN'T COWER DOWN LIKE A PETRIFIED RABBIT...



THEN THE BOMBARDMENT CEASED ABRUPTLY, AND JOHN CABLE SAW WITH DISMAY HOW FEW WERE LEFT OF THE PLATOON.

THE SARGE HAS BOUGHT IT.

NO SIGN OF THE REST O' THE COMPANY. WHAT'S TO DO, JOHN?



INSTINCTIVELY, THEY LOOKED TO CABLE FOR LEADERSHIP. HE SPOKE IN WHAT HE HOPED SOUNDED A CONFIDENT VOICE.

JERRY WILL BE COMING AT US FOR SURE ANY MINUTE. WE'D BEST TAKE A QUICK LOOK ROUND THE HOUSES AND THEN LIGHT OUT FOR THE BEACH...



THE BUILDINGS WERE EMPTY. THE RAIDING PARTY MUST BE WELL ON THEIR WAY BACK TO THE BEACH. THEN A GROAN ATTRACTED JOHN'S ATTENTION AND HE FOUND A SAPPER OFFICER HALF BURIED IN THE RUBBLE.

TAKE THE CAMERA...  
PHOTOGRAPHS OF  
PARTS WE COULDN'T  
DISMANTLE. HURRY,  
MAN- OR YOU'LL  
MISS THE  
BOAT...

THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS OF  
A GALLANT OFFICER.

WITH LONG, DISTANCE-DEVOURING STRIDES, THEY  
SET OFF FOR THE COAST. THE FIRST LIGHT OF DAWN  
WAS TINTING THE SKY AS THEY HIT TROUBLE!

ACHTUNG,  
ENGLANDER!

HIT  
THE DIRT,  
LADS!

## Jump to Glory

AS THE MEN DIVED FOR COVER, JOHN, HIMSELF, RACED ON TOWARDS THE ARMoured CAR. THE SURPRISED GERMAN OFFICER IN THE TURRET DID NOT EVEN HAVE TIME TO GIVE ANY ORDERS...



A BUTT-STROKE FELLED THE GERMAN. JOHN PULLED THE PIN FROM A MILLS GRENADE AND NEATLY DROPPED IT THROUGH THE HATCH- THEN LEAPT CLEAR.





THE CAR SKIDDED SIDWAYS INTO THE WALL, OUT OF CONTROL. THE REST OF JOHN'S PLATOON LOOKED AT HIM RESPECTFULLY. . .

COR! YOU'RE A COOL ONE AND NO MISTAKE!

COME ON, JERRY WILL BE BREATHING DOWN OUR NECKS ANY MINUTE... LET'S GET UP TO THE CLIFFS...



PANTING WITH EXERTION, THEY REACHED THE CLIFF-TOP. BUT THEN A HOLLOW GROAN ESCAPED THE MEN...

WE'RE TOO PERISHIN' LATE. THEY'VE SCARPERED!

HANG ON-THERE'S JUST A CHANCE! ONE OF THOSE MATELOTS MAYSEE MY TORCH.



A MOMENT LATER, ABOARD ONE OF THE M.T.B'S, A STARTLED LIEUTENANT COMMANDER HEARD A CRY FROM ONE OF HIS CREW...

SIGNAL FROM SHORE, SIR - 'S.O.S. DRAKE'!

THE OPERATIONAL CODE NAME! GOOD GRIEF! IT MUST BE SOME OF OUR MEN!

HARD A STARBOARD! MAKE TO FLAGSHIP - RETURNING TO SHORE TO INVESTIGATE.



ATTRACTED BY THE SMOKE FROM THE BURNING ARMoured CAR, A PANZER CLATTERED TO THE CLIFF-TOP. BUT ITS COMMANDER COULD ONLY CHOKE WITH RAGE AT THE MOCKING VOICE THAT CARRIED CLEARLY UP FROM THE DEPARTING BOAT...

WE DARE NOT COME CLOSER TO THE CLIFF EDGE, HERR LEUTNANT, IT WILL CRUMBLE.

DINNAYE FRET, LADDIE, WE'LL BE BACK!



WITH POWERFUL DIESEL ENGINES DRIVING HER THROUGH THE WATER, THE MOTOR TORPEDO BOAT SET COURSE FOR ENGLAND. ON BOARD, A SOMEWHAT EMBARRASSED YOUNG SOLDIER REPORTED TO THE MAJOR.

WE'D NEVER HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT CABLE, SIR. PROPER BLOOMIN' 'ERO, HE WAS.

THIS IS THE CAMERA I TOOK FROM THE ENGINEER, SIR. HE SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT.

WELL DONE, CABLE! YOU'LL HEAR MORE OF THIS WHEN WE GET BACK.



A WEEK AFTER THEIR RETURN TO BARRACKS, JOHN WAS SUMMONED BEFORE HIS COMMANDING OFFICER...

I HAVE RECEIVED A FULL REPORT OF YOUR EXCELLENT CONDUCT IN THE RECENT ACTION, CABLE. I HAVE RECOMMENDED YOU BE TRANSFERRED TO O.C.T.U. FOR TRAINING AS AN OFFICER.



IT WAS A RATHER DAZED YOUNG JOHN CABLE WHO WALKED OUT OF THE C.O.'S OFFICE THAT DAY.

AN OFFICER! GOSH, I WONDER WHAT OLD HUGH WOULD SAY ABOUT THAT?

WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE IN A TRANCE, LAD. GO AND GET YOUR KIT PACKED...



## Chapter 3. *Clash of Wills*

DURING THE SPRING AND EARLY SUMMER OF 1942, JOHN SLOGGED HIS WAY THROUGH THE HARD AND WEARYING COURSE OF THE OFFICER CADET TRAINING UNIT TO WHICH HE WAS POSTED.

ALL RIGHT, CADET CABLE, LET'S HEAR YOUR APPRECIATION OF THE SITUATION. WHERE WOULD YOU DEPLOY YOUR TROOPS?



IT WAS A PROUD MOMENT IN HIS LIFE WHEN AT THE END OF THE COURSE HE MARCHED WITH HIS COMPANY ACROSS THE SQUARE ON THE PASSING OUT PARADE.

EYES RIGHT!





AFTER A SHORT PERIOD OF LEAVE, LIEUTENANT CABLE WAS POSTED TO A NEWLY-FORMED AIRBORNE BRIGADE. RATHER SELF-CONSCIOUSLY, HE ENTERED THE OFFICERS' MESS FOR THE FIRST TIME.



JOHN WAS INTRODUCED  
TO A CONFUSING SEA  
OF FRIENDLY FACES -  
THEN HE STOPPED  
DEAD IN HIS TRACKS ...

BOB CARLTON, TERRY JACKSON,  
OUR M.O. AND THIS IS ANOTHER  
RECRUIT FOR US, GOT HERE  
YESTERDAY. CAPTAIN HUGH  
WHITE, SECONDED FROM  
THE COMMANDOS.



IT WAS QUITE A SHOCK TO FIND HUGH TRANSFORMED INTO THIS HARD-FACED CAPTAIN WITH A MILITARY CROSS RIBBON PINNED ON HIS CHEST...

WELL, I'LL BE DARNED - HELLO, JOHN! COME AND HAVE A DRINK AND TELL ME HOW YOUR WAR'S BEEN GOING.



BUT JOHN NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO RELATE HIS OWN ADVENTURES...

WHEN I CAME OUT OF HOSPITAL...

YOU'RE LUCKY, JOHN, CAPTAIN WHITE IS THE TWO I.C. OF YOUR COMPANY. WOULDN'T ADMIT IT HIMSELF, BUT HE'S KILLED MORE JERRIES THAN YOU'VE HAD HOT MEALS.



STOW IT, JOCK. TAKE NO NOTICE OF HIM, JOHN. IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE OLD TIMES.

JUST AT THAT MOMENT, CAPTAIN WHITE WAS CALLED AWAY TO REGIMENTAL HEADQUARTERS...

HUGH, THE OLD MAN WANTS YOU - RIGHT AWAY.



YES, HUGH, JUST LIKE OLD TIMES. YOU'RE STILL THE LIFE AND SOUL OF THE PARTY.

SUDDENLY, JOHN FOUND HIMSELF WISHING HE HAD BEEN POSTED TO ANY OTHER UNIT BUT THIS ONE.

IN OCTOBER OF THAT YEAR, THE AFRIKA KORPS SUFFERED A SHATTERING DEFEAT AT EL ALAMEIN. THE TIDE OF BATTLE HAD AT LAST TURNED AND WHEN THE BRITISH 1ST ARMY, TOGETHER WITH THEIR AMERICAN ALLIES, STORMED ASHORE IN FRENCH NORTH AFRICA, THE FATE OF ROMMEL'S FORCES WAS SEALED.



WHILE THE BATTLE RAGED IN THE DESERTS OF AFRICA, DEEP IN THE PEACEFUL ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE, AN AIRBORNE BRIGADE WAS BEING BRIEFED FOR ACTION.

OUR BATTALION HAS BEEN GIVEN THE TASK OF SEIZING AND HOLDING THE AIRSTRIP AT SIBI-JEBEL. WE LEAVE AT O-ONE-HUNDRED HOURS TOMORROW.



## Jump to Glory

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS LATER, DAKOTAS HAD TRANSPORTED THE BATTALION TO THE ROCKY FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

FALL THE MEN OUT, SERGEANT. THEY COULD DO WITH A BREATHER. TELL 'EM NOT TO WANDER OFF, WE MAY BE WANTED IN A HURRY.



VERY GOOD, SIR.

THANKFULLY, THE MEN STRETCHED THEIR LEGS AFTER THE LONG, CRAMPED FLIGHT.

WHO THE DEVIL TOLD YOU TO DISMISS YOUR PLATOON?

I THOUGHT THEY COULD DO WITH A FEW MINUTES BREAK, HUGH. WE'VE BEEN PACKED IN LIKE SARDINES.



WELL, HAVE 'EM FALL IN AGAIN AT THE DOUBLE-AND NOW WE'RE ON ACTIVE SERVICE, WE'LL CUT OUT THE PERSONAL STUFF, IT'S CAPTAIN WHITE, IN FUTURE.



AN ANGRY FLUSH SPREAD ACROSS JOHN'S FACE. HUGH HAD ALWAYS ENJOYED BEING TOP DOG—NOW HE HAD HIS RANK TO BACK HIM UP.

IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT, CAPTAIN WHITE, SIR.

SERGEANT, FALL THE PLATOON IN AGAIN. AT THE DOUBLE!



THERE WAS, HOWEVER, LITTLE TIME FOR REFLECTION. ALL OFFICERS WERE SUMMONED TO AN OPERATIONAL ROOM DEEP WITHIN THE ROCK.

WE GO IN AT FIRST LIGHT, GENTLEMEN. WE ARE TOLD THAT A STRONG FORCE OF THE GOERING JAGER REGIMENT IS IN THE VICINITY OF THE AIRSTRIP—SO IT WON'T BE EASY.



FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THEY PORED OVER RECONNAISSANCE PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, AND MODELS OF THEIR OBJECTIVE, UNTIL EACH MAN KNEW THE DETAILS BY HEART.

## Jump to Glory

WHILE THE EARLY MORNING MISTS LAY LIKE A SHROUD AROUND THE ROCK, THE HEAVILY-LADEN DAKOTAS LUMBERED OFF THE AIRSTRIP TO KEEP THEIR APPOINTMENT WITH DEATH, IN THE DESERTS OF AFRICA...



FOR THE MEN INSIDE THE PLANES IT WAS A JOURNEY WITH A ONE-WAY TICKET. NOW AND AGAIN A MAN CRACKED A JOKE THAT WAS NOT FUNNY, BUT THEY ALL LAUGHED. UP FRONT, THE SECOND-IN-COMMAND OF BAKER COMPANY AND LIEUTENANT JOHN CABLE TRAVELLED IN HOSTILE SILENCE.



AS THEY FLEW ON, THE BRILLIANT BLUE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN GAVE WAY TO THE BARREN SAND AND ROCK OF THE AFRICAN FORESHORE. INSIDE THE PLANES, GREEN LIGHTS FLICKERED, THE DROPPING ZONE WAS JUST AHEAD. THEN, PUFFS OF ACK-ACK FIRE APPEARED IN THE SKY.



BUT THE FIRING WAS LIGHT AND INEFFECTIVE. ONE AFTER ANOTHER, THE PLANES ROARED IN OVER THE DROPPING ZONE, EACH IN TURN DISGORING ITS HUMAN CARGO.



## Jump to Glory

THE FIRST FEW MINUTES AFTER PARATROOPS LAND THEY ARE ALWAYS MOST VULNERABLE TO ATTACK, BUT THIS TIME NOT A SHOT WAS FIRED. THEY SPREAD OUT IN DEFENCE POSITIONS - AND WAITED...

UNCANNY, THIS SILENCE, SIR. WHOEVER WAS FIRING, SCARPERED PRETTY QUICK WHEN WE SHOWED UP.

I DON'T LIKE THE FEEL OF IT, HUGH. GET ONE OF YOUR PLATOONS ON TO THE HIGH GROUND - IF THERE'S ANY SIGN OF JERRY THEY SHOULD BE ABLE TO SPOT THEM.



ORDERS FROM COMPANY H.Q., SIR. WE'RE TO PUSH ON UP TO THE TOP OF THE HILL.

OKAY, MEN, ON YOUR FEET. LET'S GO!





AS THEY ADVANCED, CABLE GLANCED AROUND HIM, HE FELT A SUDDEN FIERCE PRIDE AND AFFECTION FOR THESE STOLID MEN OF HIS PLATOON, WHO HE WAS LEADING INTO BATTLE FOR THE FIRST TIME.



SUDDENLY, THE UNEASY SILENCE WAS SHATTERED. UP ABOVE THEM, KITE HAWKS, SHRIEKING A RAUCOUS PROTEST, ROSE INTO THE STILL AIR.

WHAT THE BLAZES..?

I SAW A MAN, JUST TO THE RIGHT O' THAT BIG BOULDER, SIR!



JOHN CABLE SHIELDED HIS EYES AGAINST THE GLARING LIGHT AS HE STRAINED TO SEE THE MACHINE GUN NESTS HE FELT SURE WERE THERE. BUT ONLY THE MOCKING EMPTINESS OF THE HILLSIDE MET HIS GAZE.

WHAT'S THE DRILL, SIR?

IF JERRY IS UP THERE AND WE TRY TO RUSH THE SLOPE, THERE'S NOT ONE OF US WOULD REACH THE TOP ALIVE. GET ME COMPANY H.Q. ON THE BLOWER.



## Jump to Glory

FOR SOME MOMENTS, THE SERGEANT JUGGLED WITH THE DIALS ON THE WIRELESS. THEN, WITH A CURSE, HE WRENCHED OFF THE HEADPHONES...

SORRY, SIR, THE CURSED THING'S DEAD! CAN'T GET A BLEAT OUT OF IT.

WELL, KEEP AT IT, SERGEANT—WE'VE GOT TO RAISE THEM.



MEANWHILE, AT COMPANY HEADQUARTERS, MAJOR FROST STUDIED THE EMPTY HORIZON WITH GROWING IMPATIENCE.

WHY THE DEVIL HASN'T THAT PLATOON REACHED THE RIDGE? GET FORWARD, HUGH, AND FIND OUT WHAT YOUNG CABLE'S PLAYING AT.

VERY GOOD, SIR.



CAPTAIN WHITE'S FACE DARKENED INTO A SCOWL AS HE REACHED THE PLATOON, STILL PINNED TO THE GROUND.

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? WHY ARE YOU BOGGED DOWN HERE?

I'M PRETTY CERTAIN THEY'RE WAITING FOR US UP THERE - WE'D BE CUT TO PIECES ON THAT SLOPE. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO GET H.Q. BUT OUR WIRELESS IS OUT OF ACTION.



WHITE'S VOICE WAS COLD AND HIS WORDS STUNG LIKE A LASH.

THAT'S ONE EXCUSE. THERE COULD BE ANOTHER REASON NOT QUITE SO PRETTY. IF YOU WON'T TAKE YOUR MEN UP, I WILL - FIX BAYONETS - PREPARE TO ADVANCE!



THERE WAS A CERTAIN BRAVADO ABOUT CAPTAIN WHITE THAT INSPIRED CONFIDENCE. HIS ORDERS RANG OUT CRISP AND CLEAR. BAYONETS FLASHED AS THE MEN JUMPED READILY TO OBEY.

IF THE JAGER REGIMENT IS SITTING UP THERE, YOU'RE LEADING THIRTY MEN TO THEIR DEATHS.

NOBODY WON A BATTLE WITHOUT SOMEBODY GETTING HURT. IT'S A CHANCE I'VE GOT TO TAKE.



## Jump to Glory

THEY HAD GONE THREE HUNDRED YARDS WHEN THE FIRING STARTED. BUT IT WAS NOT THE LETHAL CHATTER OF SPANDAUS THAT CABLE HAD ANTICIPATED. INSTEAD, A FEW DESULTORY SHOTS FLEW HARMLESSLY ABOVE THEIR HEADS. WITH A SNARL, WHITE LUNGED FORWARD IN A FINAL ASSAULT.



THE WILD RUSH BROUGHT THEM TO THE CREST OF THE HILL AND THERE THEY FALTERED IN SUDDEN AMAZEMENT.

WE SURRENDER!

SO MUCH FOR YOUR DREADED JAGER REGIMENT, CABLE. ROUND 'EM UP, MEN - THE FIGHT'S OVER!



THE ITALIAN GARRISON OF THE AIRSTRIP HAD NO INCLINATION TO DIE FOR A STRIP OF AFRICAN SOIL.



TRIUMPHANTLY, CAPTAIN WHITE LED THE CRESTFALLEN ENEMY BACK TO COMPANY HEADQUARTERS.



WELL DONE, HUGH! YOU APPEAR TO HAVE ROUNDED UP THE EYTIE ARMY ON YOUR OWN. CABLE, YOU'RE WANTED AT H.Q. THE C.O. WANTS A FULL EXPLANATION OF YOUR ACTIONS.

THE PATRONISING VOICE OF THE CAPTAIN DID NOTHING TO QUENCH THE BITTERNESS IN JOHN CABLE'S HEART.

DON'T LET IT WORRY YOU, JOHN. IT WAS YOUR FIRST SHOW - I'LL STICK BY YOU!



WHEN I WANT YOUR HELP I'LL ASK FOR IT, CAPTAIN WHITE!

THE COMMANDING OFFICER WAS A HARD MAN, BUT A FAIR ONE. AFTER HEARING CABLE'S EXPLANATION HE UNDERSTOOD THE PREDICAMENT THE YOUNG OFFICER HAD FACED. SOME OF THE VINEGAR LEFT HIS VOICE.

I'M PREPARED TO ACCEPT YOUR EXPLANATION THIS TIME, CABLE. BUT, REMEMBER, WE WANT MEN OF AGGRESSION AND INITIATIVE IN THIS UNIT. DON'T LEAVE IT TO A SENIOR OFFICER TO GET YOU OUT OF TROUBLE NEXT TIME!

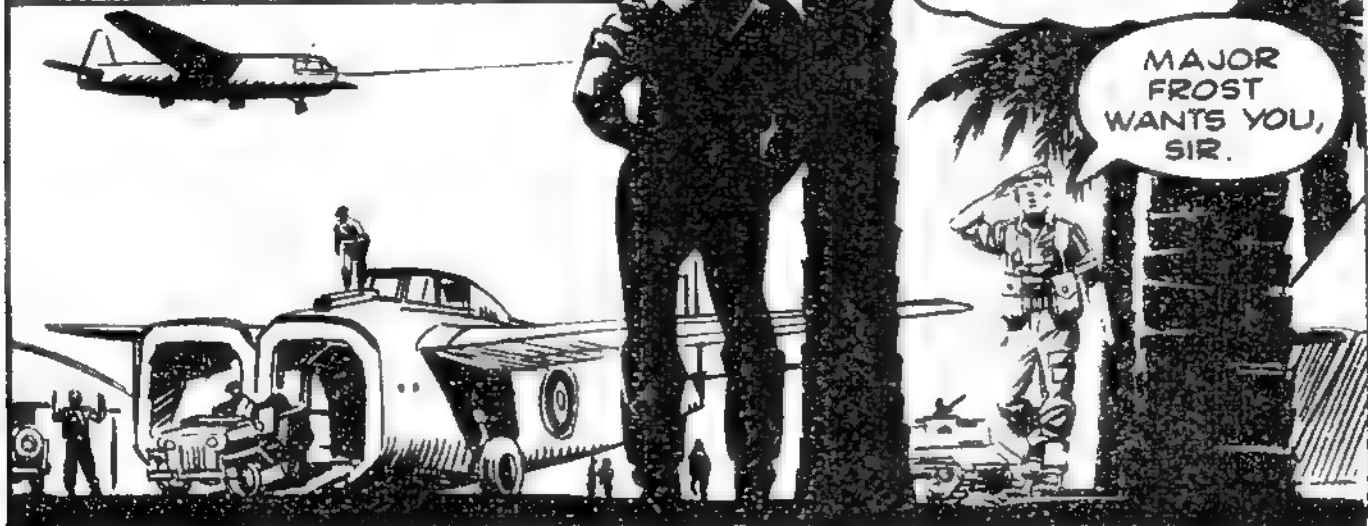


## Chapter 4. *Fateful Patrol*

IT WAS AN HOUR LATER WHEN GLIDER-BORNE REINFORCEMENTS STARTED POURING IN. JOHN STOOD ALONE AT THE EDGE OF THE AIRSTRIP WATCHING THEM LAND. HIS THOUGHTS WERE STILL BITTER.

IT WAS JUST PURE LUCK FOR HUGH. IF JERRY HAD BEEN AT THE TOP WE WOULDN'T HAVE STOOD A CHANCE.

MAJOR FROST WANTS YOU, SIR.



WHEN JOHN GOT TO COMPANY H.Q. HE FOUND THE MAJOR STUDYING A MAP.

I WANT YOU TO TAKE OUT A PATROL AND NOSE AROUND IN THIS AREA, CABLE. THE JERRIES ARE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE. FIND 'EM!



WITHIN THE HOUR, THE PATROL WAS READY.

IF YOU CAN SPARE ME, SIR, I'D LIKE TO GO ALONG FOR THE RIDE. JUST TO KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS, Y'KNOW.



MAYBE IT WOULDN'T BE SUCH A BAD IDEA, HUGH. ALL RIGHT—AWAY YOU GO!

HUGH WAS, INDEED, GENUINELY CONCERNED FOR HIS OLD FRIEND, BUT NOW THERE WAS A RIFT BETWEEN THEM THAT COULD NO LONGER BE BRIDGED.



THE PATROL DROVE ON, DEEP INTO THE DESERT. EACH MAN STRAINING TIRED EYES TO GLIMPSE THE TELL-TALE DUST CLOUD THAT WOULD GIVE AWAY THE PRESENCE OF THE ENEMY...



WITHIN MINUTES, THEY WERE ON THEIR WAY AGAIN, AND THEY HAD ONLY TRAVELLED A MILE OR SO WHEN CABLE CALLED A HALT...



THE WHEEL TRACKS LED TO A HIGH PLATEAU BROKEN ONLY BY DEEP WADIS THAT SLICED INTO ITS ROCKY SIDES.

GET THE JEEPS AND MEN UNDER COVER, SERGEANT. I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK ROUND.



BY THE TIME THE TWO OFFICERS REACHED THE TOP OF THE SLOPE, THE LAST LIGHT WAS DRAINING FROM THE SKY. BELOW THEM, THEY COULD JUST MAKE OUT THE UGLY SHAPES OF GERMAN ARMOUR IN THE WADI.





BUT JOHN CABLE'S DETERMINATION TO PROVE HIMSELF HAD BECOME AN OBSESSION THAT DROVE HIM BEYOND THE CALL OF DUTY.

ARE YOU CRAZY? WE'LL GET OUT WHILE WE CAN - AND THAT'S AN ORDER!

LISTEN, I'VE TAKEN ALL I CAN FROM YOU! NO-ONE'S GOING TO SAY I FAILED THIS TIME! IF I'M NOT BACK WITHIN THE HOUR, PULL OUT.



THE SUDDEN SNARLING HATRED ON CABLE'S FACE SHOCKED THE CAPTAIN INTO SILENCE. THE NEXT MOMENT, JOHN HAD VANISHED.

ANXIETY GNAWED AT THE CAPTAIN AS HE WALKED BACK TO THE PATROL. HE WOULD HAVE BEEN EVEN MORE WORRIED IF HE HAD SEEN THE FIELD GLASSES THAT GLINTED MOMENTARILY ACROSS THE WADI.

ACHTUNG! ENGLANDER PATROL!



THEY MUST BE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HILL. MAKE A SWEEP OUT ACROSS THE DESERT AND THEN CLOSE IN. NONE MUST ESCAPE TO BETRAY OUR POSITION.

JA, HERR OBERST.



## Jump to Glory

THE BRITISH PATROL  
WAITED TENSELY IN  
THE DARKNESS...

ANOTHER TEN MINUTES, SERGEANT,  
THAT'S ALL. LET'S HOPE HE  
MAKES IT IN TIME.

WHAT'S THAT—  
SOMETHING  
MOVED!



THEN A WHITE FLARE BURST ABOVE THEM, FLOODING THE AREA WITH  
ITS BLINDING GLARE. A CHILL OF FEAR CLUTCHED AT HUGH WHITE'S  
HEART AS HE SAW THE RING OF FIGURES CLOSING AROUND THEM.

GET TO THE  
JEEPS! IT'S  
OUR ONLY  
CHANCE.

LAY DOWN  
YOUR ARMS,  
YOU ARE  
SURROUNDED!



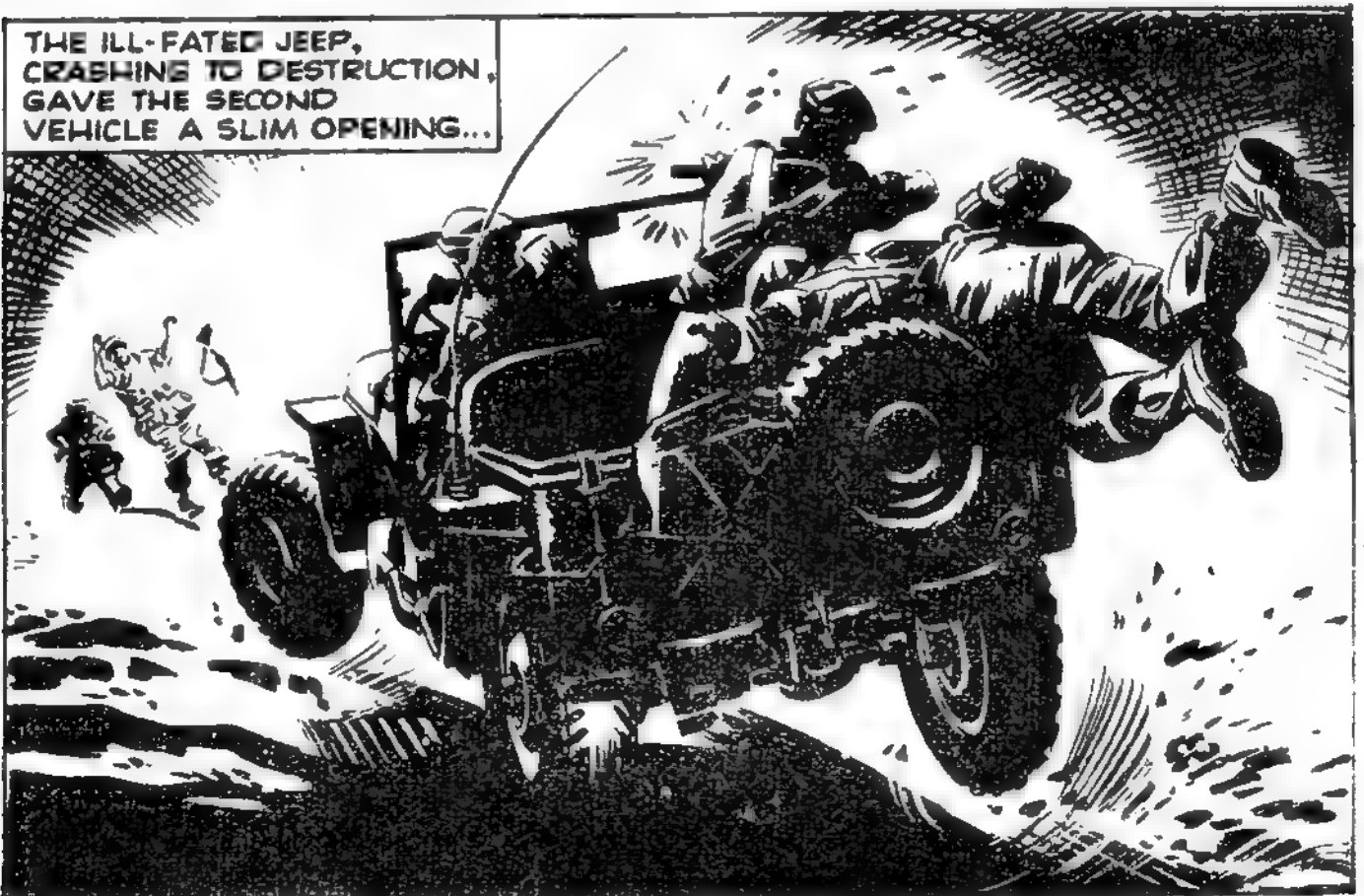
## Jump to Glory

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EVEN AS THE FIRST CREW SCRAMBLED INTO THE LEADING JEEP ANOTHER FLARE BURST IN THE SKY AND A SPANDAUL LACED TRACER ACROSS THE SAND.



THE ILL-FATED JEEP, CRASHING TO DESTRUCTION, GAVE THE SECOND VEHICLE A SLIM OPENING...



## Jump to Glory

BUT THE NET WAS DRAWN TOO TIGHT. THERE WAS TO BE NO ESCAPE....

AIM AT THE WHEELS, MAN! IF THE DOGS ESCAPE, YOU'LL PAY DEARLY!



WITH THE TYRES RIPPED TO SHREDS BY THE LETHAL FIRE, THE JEEP CAREERED ON FOR A HUNDRED YARDS BEFORE IT CRASHED HEAVILY ON ITS SIDE.

FELDWEBEL, THIS ONE STILL LIVES!

GOOD! HE'LL BE WANTED FOR QUESTIONING. THE OBERST CAN BE MOST PERSUASIVE WITH PRISONERS!





MEANWHILE, JOHN CABLE HAD BEEN CRAWLING PAINFULLY ALONG THE WADI ALMOST WITHIN TOUCHING DISTANCE OF PASSING SENTRIES. HE DID NOT LET UP UNTIL HE HAD EVERY DETAIL OF THE GERMAN UNIT IN THE LEAGUER.

JUST FOR ONCE, IT'S GONE MY WAY! WHEN I GET THIS INFORMATION BACK, IT'LL MAKE EM SING A DIFFERENT TUNE.



BUT HIS JUBILATION WAS SHORT-LIVED.

OH, NO!



HE STARTED FORWARD IMPULSIVELY— THEN CLAWED WILDLY AT THE AIR AS THE GROUND SEEMED TO DROP AWAY FROM BENEATH HIS FEET.

AAGH!



## Jump to Glory

IT WAS SOME TIME BEFORE HE RECOVERED CONSCIOUSNESS. SLOWLY, HIS THROBBING HEAD CLEARED AND HE SAT UP...



HE REMEMBERED THE NIGHTMARE SCENE HE HAD WITNESSED BEFORE HE BLACKED OUT. BUT NOW THE ACTORS OF THAT GRIM DRAMA WERE GONE AND THE DESERT WAS SILENT.

THE SPENT CARTRIDGE CASES AND WRECKED VEHICLES TOLD THEIR OWN TRAGIC TALE. THEN HE HEARD A FAINT MOAN AND FOUND HE WAS NOT QUITE ALONE...

HOLD UP, LAD,  
I'LL GET YOU  
OUT!

IT'S NO USE,  
SIR! I—WHEN I CAME  
TO I SAW THEM TAKE  
THE CAPTAIN AWAY. I  
TRIED TO CALL OUT,  
BUT THEY...



THE VOICE DIED AWAY AND NOW THE SILENCE WAS COMPLETE.

CABLE'S RESOLUTION NEVER WAVERED. HE NEEDED TRANSPORT BADLY AND THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY TO GET IT. STEALTHILY, HE MADE HIS WAY BACK TOWARD THE WADI...

SO HUGH'S OUT OF MY HAIR AT LAST! BUT AT A COST...



SKIRTING THE HILL, HE ENTERED THE WADI~ AND HEARD A HARSH, TEUTONIC VOICE RAISED IN ANGER...



LIKE A SHADOW, CABLE INCHED FORWARD~ THEN FROZE IN HIS TRACKS. THE MAN HE HAD COME TO HATE SO INTENSELY WAS FACING DEATH ONLY TWENTY YARDS FROM HIM...

SPEAK, YOU DOG, OR THE VULTURES WILL PICK YOUR BONES! WHEN ARE YOUR COMRADES PLANNING TO ATTACK?



A MURDEROUS INSTINCT WELLED UP WITHIN JOHN THEN. HE HAD ONLY TO REMAIN STILL AND HUGH WHITE WOULD BE OUT OF HIS LIFE FOR EVER. HANDS TREMBLING, HE PUSHED FORWARD THE SAFETY CATCH OF HIS STEN GUN...



NEXT MOMENT, HE LUNGED FROM COVER-STEN HAMMERING.

GET THE TRUCK STARTED, HUGH!  
I'LL COVER YOU!







THE SAVAGE, UNEXPECTED BURST OF FIRE CUT DOWN THE GERMANS AND THE TWO MEN DASHED TO THE TRUCK. BUT ONE OF THE ENEMY FOUND STRENGTH ENOUGH FOR A LAST VENGEFUL SHOT...



TEETH GRITTED AGAINST THE PAIN, JOHN CABLE DRAGGED HIMSELF INTO THE SEAT OF THE CRAZILY BOUNCING LORRY.

KEEP GOING, HUGH! KEEP GOING!

JOHN!  
YOU'VE  
BEEN  
HIT!

ONCE BEYOND ALL FEAR OF PURSUIT, THEY HALTED. HUGH RENDERED WHAT FIRST AID HE COULD, BUT JOHN WAS BARELY CONSCIOUS...

LISTEN, HUGH -- THE JAGER REGIMENT -- A HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY TANKS -- TWENTY GUNS, EIGHTY-EIGHTS...

OKAY, JOHN, OKAY! I'VE GOT IT. LEAVE IT TO ME.



A WRY SMILE TWISTED CABLE'S HAGGARD FACE...

YES, HUGH, I'VE GOT TO LEAVE IT TO YOU, AFTER ALL YOU'VE WON, HUGH, AS ALWAYS!



WHEN THEY GOT BACK, JOHN CABLE WAS IN A BAD WAY AND DOCTORS HAD TO FIGHT FOR HIS LIFE. HE KNEW NOTHING OF THE JAGER REGIMENT'S BID TO ESCAPE OR HOW THEY WERE CAUGHT IN THE OPEN DESERT BY A STRIKING FORCE OF THE R.A.F...



IT WAS ALMOST A MONTH LATER WHEN THE BATTALION WAS PULLED OUT OF THE LINE AND THE COMMANDING OFFICER WAS ABLE TO VISIT HIS YOUNGEST LIEUTENANT IN BASE HOSPITAL.



A DRY SMILE CROSSED THE C.O.'S RUGGED FACE AT JOHN'S ASTONISHMENT.

THE RECOMMENDATION WAS PUT FORWARD BY CAPTAIN WHITE - HE TURNED IN A FULL REPORT OF YOUR CONDUCT ON THE PATROL. BY THE WAY, THE BATTALION WILL BE COMING PAST IN A MINUTE. CARE TO WATCH?





ONCE MORE THE BATTALION WAS ON ITS WAY TO THE FRONT. AS 'B' COMPANY SWUNG PAST THE HOSPITAL, CAPTAIN HUGH WHITE LOOKED UP AT THE FRAIL FIGURE STANDING ON THE BALCONY. HE ROARED A COMMAND...



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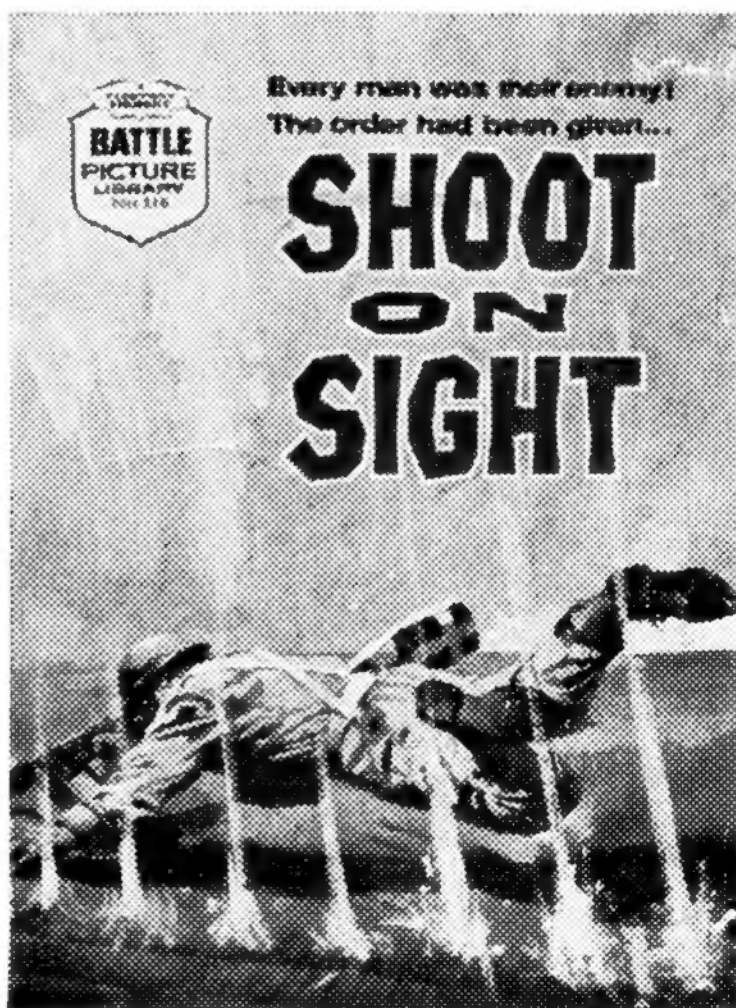
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